

The Chickasha Daily Express.

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CHICKASHA, IND. TER.

A Collector's Revenge—A Simple Reminder—A Strange Scheme, Etc., Etc.

A LAWS.

The man who owns a lawn—
Who's always up at dawn—
To oil his patent mow at dawn,
The time is drawing nigh,
When we in bed shall lie
At morn and smile to hear its merry din,
din.



FAKING HIS CHANCES.

Country Minister (to boy fishing)—
What will your father say, little boy,
when he discovers that you have been
fishing on Sunday?
Boy—I dunno, sir; it depends on how
many fish I catch.

TOO YOUNG.

Elder Sister (aged twenty-four)—I'm
sorry you can't go, Mand; but you know
mamma thinks you are too young to
enter society.
Younger Sister (aged eighteen)—No,
Cecily, mamma doesn't think I'm too
young; she thinks you are too old for me
to enter society.

PRIDE SERVING.

Mamie had noticed that the ducks and
chickens did not stay much together.
Not knowing that the ducks preferred
the pond to the barn yard, she one day
said:
"Auntie, I think the chickens treat
the ducks real bad. I believe they just
won't associate with them because they've
got big feet and such ugly noses. I
wouldn't treat my friends that way just
because they don't look pretty."

AN OBJECT OF CHARITY.

Lady (entering Burlington editor's
sanctum)—I should like to find out, sir,
something about the condition of the
poor in this town.
Editor—Well, mam'am, at present we
are well supplied with potatoes and
corned beef, but a new pair of trousers or
a spring overcoat would be quite ac-
ceptable.—Burlington Free Press.

DOESN'T COUNT.

There is no place where style counts so
little as in the lining of a pocketbook.
—Danville Press.

THE CLUB.

Mr. Switchell (come from a club dinner
at daylight, full of the speech he
has been making, and champagne)—
"Feller (dist) citizen! The day is not
far distant!"
Mrs. Switchell (at an upper window)—
No, John, the day is not more than an
hour distant, and you had better come
in and go to bed.

TRUST.

Mrs. Della Creme (wearily)—I know
everything you eat is adulterated, but
what can we do, Reginald? We must
trust our grocer.
Mr. Reginald Creme (dreadfully)—Ah,
yes, Della, very true; and if—oh, if—
our grocer would only trust us!

DESTROYED HIS APPETITE.

Mr. Timothy Seed (taking his first
meal in a New York city restaurant)—
Give me a nutron chop—
Waiter (top of his voice)—Bah! Bah!
Mr. Timothy Seed—And some fresh
eggs—and—
Waiter—Cluck! Cluck!
Mr. Timothy Seed grasps his umbrella
and flees.—Pack.

THE COLLECTOR'S REVENGE.

Vindictive Youth—Yes, I've been cut
out three times by these infernal dudes,
rich girls every time, too; but I'm getting
even with the whole tribe of 'em now,
you bet. They're every one of them
just wishing they'd never been born;
they'll never interfere with me again.
Friends—Eh? Joined the Anarchists
and sending 'em death notices?
"Better than that. I've got a job as
bill collector for a fashionable clothing
store."—Omaha World.

A STRANGE SCHEME.

Cashier—Not a dollar of that \$200,000
you have been lending to your stock-
broking friends can be collected.
Director—I see. The bank will have
to break, but if it does the directors may
land in the penitentiary. You have no
money ahead, I suppose?
"Not a cent."
"I thought not. We have kept your
salary small on purpose."
"Eh?"
"You will be out of a position and
likely to starve when the bank breaks."
"I know it."
"Well, here's \$25,000. Take it and
go to Canada. I'll announce that you
have skipped with \$220,000, but we'll
take good care not to find you."—Omaha
World.

SUFFERED.

Judge—You say you want a divorce
from your wife?
"Yes, if your Honor please."
"But reflect for a moment that you
have lived together nearly half a cen-
tury."
"Well, haven't I suffered long
enough?"—Tean Sittings.

A NEGLECTED FATHER.

Mother (to Bobby, who has just com-
pleted his prayers)—Why, Bobby, you
forgot to pray for papa.
Bobby—Why, so I did; and he needs
it so much, doesn't he, ma?

BOY'S WISH.

"She never gets a scolding,
She's never sent to bed,
She hasn't got a napkin
Put on her when she's fed;
She plays with me, yet no one
Tells her, 'Don't make a noise';
I sometimes wish my doll
Was me, and I was hers."
—Newark Journal.

TOGETHER.

A prohibitionist says: You will see a
red-nosed politician and a saloon togeth-
er more frequently than a red-haired
woman and a white horse.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

"Bobby," said his father, with an
ominous look in his eyes, "why weren't
you at school this afternoon?"
Bobby hung his head. "Cause I
went to see the ball game," he said.
"Is that so? Who won?"

IN A MORE DELICATE FORM.

A little girl seeing her mother potting
and caressing another child began to
show unmistakable signs of jealousy.
Her mother remarked:
"Why, Sadie, I believe you are jeal-
ous."
"No, mamma," she replied, indig-
nantly, "I'm not jealous, but I don't feel
comfortable."—Philadelphia Record.

HE GOT THERE.

It was in a Tar Flat school a week or
two ago. The school teacher was warn-
ing the usual kind and amount of in-
formation out of the boys. At length
she asked the question:
"What is a mountain?"
That seemed to stump the class for a
minute. Finally a little hand was timidly
held up.
"Well, do you know what a mountain
is?"
"I guess I know."
"What is it?"
"It is a lot of land pointin' up in the
air."—San Francisco Chronicle.

SADLY.

"You say you spent seven years in
college?" Gosh! What a waste of
time!"
"A waste of time! My dear sir, it
enabled me to obtain a profession that
pays me \$1,800 a year."

NO SCORE PLACE.

"Tell me, my winged winds that round
my pathway sweep, do you not know some
quiet spot where wives clean house no
more; some lone, sequestered, leafy dale;
some island, ocean-girt, where life is not
one ceaseless war with cobwebs and with
dirt, where only nature's carpet spreads
beneath the tired feet, and wretched
men are never compelled its emerald
folds to beat?" The lake breeze fanned
my heated face and said, "Beat out!
There's no such place."—Chicago Tri-
bune.

HER NAME.

One of the colored applicants for a
marriage license was unfortunate enough
to forget the name of the girl that he
was going to marry, and he had to
tramp back six miles into the country to
find out what it was. Upon being ques-
tioned as to how he called her, he an-
swered, "Gallie," and he couldn't tell any
more. "Dat's all I know," he said.—
Savannah News.

TEBOOF.

Alberto—Do you love me, darling?
Charles—Have I not had all the chairs
taken from the room except this?—De-
troit Free Press.

IN A QUARTER.

First Wayback Citizen—Who's that
tenderfoot?
Second Wayback Citizen—Don't know.
He wears a high hat; can't tell whether
he's a clergyman or a gambler.
"Let's holler at 'im an' see."
"No, don't. If he's a clergyman
we'll feel bad for disturbin' him, an' if
he's a gambler he'll shoot."—Omaha
World.

TELL THE TRUTH.

Wife—What time did you get in last
night, John?
Husband—Two o'clock, my dear.
Wife—Where were you, John?
Husband—At work at the office, my
dear.
Wife—That's right John, never tell a
lie. (To the servant.) Mary, take Mr.
Brown's shoes off the mantel-piece, and
get his night key out of the clock and
put it in his pocket.—Washington Critic.

TO GET THEIRS.

"Papa will never consent, John."
"I'm sorry."
"So am I."
"You're an angel."
"You're a goose."
"Then let's fly."

HE WAS WATERED.

"Why, Miss Perkins," said young
Vertebra, who was something of an en-
thusiast on the subject of physiological
science, "aren't you aware that my
physical being is three-fourths water?"
"Well, Mr. Vertebra, I must confess
that I always thought you were adulter-
ated with something."—Harpur's Banner.



A MODEL DRIVER.

Citizen—I'm surprised to find that
you have become such a careful driver.
Jake. You used to be the most reckless
transfer on the streets. You ran into
half a dozen different carriages to my
certain knowledge.
Teaster—I'm drivin' a mighty light
wagon now, an' it's me own.

LOVE.

"The said that such a thing as love, true love;
The said its glorified passions dwell above;
But that here through a earth its rivers run
And shimmer and gleam 'neath moon and sun,
And gladden and water, yes, every one
This beautiful river of love."

I wonder if I have heard the song it sings?
I've heard, I know, but my best loved once took
wings!
Yet earth, and sky, and bird, and song,
Teach me to love though they are gone,
For everything in the world is borne
Over the river of love.

But love of love, delightfully new and strange,
Is that which fastens two hearts, nor knows a
change.
The years they come and the years they go;
The tides they ebb, and the tides they flow;
Yet this love increasing, both stronger grow,
O wonderful river of love!

I wonder who shall love as well as this?
Whom heart shall teach my heart to thrill with
bliss?
Wonder and wonder, for I know well
That love's sweet waters within me swell,
And my heart shall yet with some others dwell
Beside the river of love.

O where does he live? What is his name? My
love!
O when shall I see his manly form? My love!
I should love him now if I knew him mine;
And weave his name in my homely rhyme,
And flowers of beauty plant and twine
Over the river of love.

Come, love of mine! My heart awaits thy
touch.
Try lips, thy voice, must first awake its bliss;
The flowers and blossoms will keep
Waiting, above the breath to long
And adorn its blossoms, and tend, and lovel
The glorious river of love.

An Unpublished Chapter of Georgia Scenes.

FROM THE FORGOTTEN SECOND VOLUME OF "THE
MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS."



HAVE perhaps been priding in this
chapter. I could not do justice to the
memory of my friends of after
days by saying less.
Judge Augustus B. Longstreet was
peculiarly a humorist. He was a
distinguished lawyer, equally so as
a judge, and a divine of emi-
nence. Was the President of
three colleges, and eminent as a
teacher and trainer of youth. Yet
when the time he earned in each and all
of these vocations shall have passed from
the public's mind his Georgia Scenes
will preserve his name in undimmed
splendor.

In the conclusion of this chapter, I
must relate one of his Georgia scenes,
known to but few, and now fifty years
by him narrated to me now fifty-seven
years ago.

I was admitted to the bar fifty-seven
years ago, in Washington, Wilkes coun-
ty, Georgia. It was on Sunday proceed-
ing the meeting of the Superior Court for
Wilkes county that I rode with
Judge Longstreet from Greensboro, the
village of his residence, to Washing-
ton, Wilkes county.

We had both received our legal edu-
cation at the law school conducted by
those eminent jurists, Tapping Reeves,
the brother-in-law of Aaron Burr, and
James Gould, at Litchfield, Connecticut.
I had but just returned, after having
completed my course, and was on my
way to apply for permission to plead and
practice law. We were on horseback,
and the distance was short and we rode
leisurely, talking over our student ex-
periences, and enjoying many a joke con-
nected with names then eminent, who
had been educated legally at Litchfield;
all of whom have long since passed
away. Of all the Georgians there edu-
cated in the law I know of but one, save
myself, now left in the State, the vener-
able James Clark, of Atlanta, now more
than eighty years of age.

As we journeyed we were, about noon,
passing a farm house, which was not
very far from the highway, when rein-
ing up his horse, "Old Planter," (how
well I remember the noble old sorrel) he
asked me if I was hungry. Being an-
swered in the affirmative, he continued,
pointing to the house:
"Yonder lives a well-to-do man. His
wife is an old friend of mine, and I have
a capital story to tell you, after we have
got our dinner, in relation to our early
acquaintance. But remember, it is to be
kept a profound secret. I like to tell a
good story, even if it is at the expense
of appearing ridiculous myself."

Just as we turned from the road to
go up to the house, we met a servant,



who, to our inquiry, informed us that
the family were absent. We turned and
pursued our way to Washington.
"Now, for the story," I remarked, "it
will answer for a dinner."
"I suppose so," he replied, "if the old
saw is truthful, which says, 'laugh and
grow fat.'"

When I was fitting for college, my
father felt there was no man in Georgia
so competent to the task as Father
Cummings, a Presbyterian minister up
here. And then I could find cheap
board in the country, and be away from
influences about Augusta, our home,

that might keep me from studying. My
father was not wealthy, and it was a
pretty tight squeeze for him to
spare the money necessary for my edu-
cation.

When I came up here I found Parson
Cummings had more pupils than he
could accommodate with board; so I was
compelled to find board in the neighbor-
hood. I did so at the house of this man's
father over here. He was a stout,
staid old gentleman, with aldermanic
proportions, a strict member of the
church, and a regular attendant at the
weekly service. His wife was a little
weazen-faced woman, with a sharp nose,
always red at the point, and an eye as
black as a shoe and as sharp as a lancet.
She rarely said much, but what she did
say was sharp and to the point. Their
daughter Ann—that woman over there—
was about my age, rosy, plump and
pretty, and amply imbued with the spir-
it of mischief.

One Sabbath day, Nancy, as the fam-
ily called her, was away on a visit to a
neighbor, where she had spent a day or
so. I did not go to church with the old
people, but remained to prepare my
lessons for the morrow. I knew my
tutor, who was the preacher, would rather
I should miss attendance at church a
dozen times than to be deficient in a
recitation.

The house was one of those old-fash-
ioned houses, yet common in Georgia,
with two rooms in front and two rooms
back—shed rooms, you know, with two
rooms in the attic. One of these attic
rooms was Nancy's, one of the shed rooms
was mine. There was a passage way be-
tween these shed rooms, but none be-
tween the front rooms. The entrance
from the yard in front was from the
larger of these two rooms.

I was out in the yard under the shade
of an apple tree, in my shirt sleeves,
busily engaged in the mysteries of Vir-
gil's Aeneid, when a stroke from a
switch across my shoulders made me
cry out and spring from my chair, up-
setting my little table, Virgil, lexicon
and all, and running away to the house
was Nancy. I was half mad, for the blow
was a scolding, and after her I went
determined on revenge. Through the
house went Nancy was fleet. O, the
country girls of Georgia in that day!
What strapping things they were. They
never saw a scolding—never wore a tight-
lacing shoe, and their toes were as free
from corsets as their fingers were from
diamond rings.

Nancy had the start, but I thought I
had the wind and was determined on
catching her. Around the house we went,
into the bed room of her parents, and
out into the yard. How she laughed,
and how she ran white teeth, and
sprinkled her great black eyes. I was
gaining on her when she ran through the
house, and into my room. I follow-
ed. "Leave me alone," she said as she
jumped upon my bed. I followed and
caught her. Quick as a cat she slipped
through my arms and leaped to the
floor. "There is father and mother,"
she exclaimed. "What will they say
to me if they find me here in your room
with you?" Jump into the bed and say
you are sick. I had at this warning
gotten off the bed. I did as I was bid,
and lay down, bitterly complaining.
She, in the meantime, caught up her
hair, which, in our scuffles had been
badly tumbled, and running out met her
parents coming into the house. "Fath-
er," she exclaimed loud enough for me
to hear, "cousin Gus is mighty sick."

She had called me cousin from the first
week of our acquaintance. The old
gentleman came slowly into the room.
He could not, or would not, compromise
his dignity by accelerating his motions
for any consideration. He was a Judge
at the inferior court, and that was to be
thought of in all he said or did. Nancy
came in behind him, and whilst he felt
my pulse, she was peeping from behind
him, grinning and winking in ecstasy
over my shamming. I could have mur-
dered her. Slowly the old man con-
tinued to feel my pulse and to look wise.
He shook his head gravely as he took
his fingers from my pulse.

"Why Gus, my son," he exclaimed,
you must be very sick, for I never felt
such a pulse in the worst of fevers."
There stood Nancy, peeping and winking
from behind her father in mockery.
When the old man, with great gravity,
asked, "Gus, how are your bowels?"
Nancy jerked her head behind her father
as I groaned and turned over. Turning
to his daughter the Judge said, "He is
pretty sick, and needs medicine; go you
and get that valerian, the big one—
put in as muchenna as you can grasp
so, with the point of his finger (his
thumb) and fill it up with boiling
water."

Nancy went, but upon reaching the
door turned half round to look at us,
and putting her thumb upon the tip of
her nose, waved her fingers and darted
away. The Judge slowly left the room,
and had there been any chance for my
escape from the house unobserved, I
would have fled like a felon. But I was
in for it, and must go through with it.
It was not long before the Judge re-
turned with the yellow mug, brimming
with senna tea, and Nancy following.
He poured out a tea cup full of the tea.
"Here, my son," he said, "drink this;
you must take another cup full." "Here,
Nancy, hold this, I must go and see the
prescription Dr. Sankey left for your
mother," and he handed her the mug
and cup. This was her opportunity.
She sat down on the bed side and assum-
ing the gravity of her father, asked with
much sympathy, how I felt, putting on
as long a face as a hypocrite at a camp
meeting, and insisted on feeling my
pulse. But the Judge returning said,
the prescription of the doctor said two
cups full at first, and one every half
hour after until the bowels were relieved.
Nancy stood behind, with her tongue
thrust into her cheek and her eyes
gleaming with mischief, as she poured
out a cup full to the very rim of the
nauseating stuff. I swallowed it and
they left the room, but not until Nancy
had given me another specimen of her
affected sympathy.

That day will be remembered by me
as long as I live; for go where I would,
or when Nancy was sure to be in the
way to watch and litter.
The next morning the Judge came in,
Nancy with him, to inquire after my
health and feel my pulse, with the same
gravity, one might suppose, belonging
to Esau's wife himself. "Better, much
better this morning. The medicine
operated well, did it, my son? Your
pulse is quite feeble. It was fortunate
that I came home at the time I did, for
you were certainly threatened with a
very severe attack; but you are well over

it now. Lucky, Nancy, wasn't it?"
"Very," said Nancy, with a sly leer and
wink at me, "nothing like a good pur-
gative to relieve these violent attacks."
"Do you feel like you could eat some-
thing, my boy?" asked the considerate
Judge. "Yes, sir," I answered emphat-
ically, "I am very hungry." "A very
good sign, my boy; but you must be
careful lest you have a relapse, and that
might get you into trouble, and might,"
he added, "be fatal. These attacks, you
should know, Nancy, are sometimes
very dangerous with young people, with
older ones they are not so frequent or
so dangerous, and the scriptures say the
second condition of a man under such
circumstances is always worse than the
first. Nancy, you have him some chicken
broth made, and he must take very
sparingly of it. A youth subject to these
inflammatory attacks, must be depleted
and should have a return of it, blood
letting may be necessary—sincerely such
thing else will so soon reduce such a
pulse as he had yesterday."

Nancy, all this while was behind her
father, making every demonstration of
mirth she could, not to be seen or heard
by him, yet openly to me. I was twenty-
four hours without food, had been se-
verely sick from the senna, but now re-
lieved from this I could have eaten a cat
or dog, or anything which promised re-
lief to the terrible cravings of my appe-
tite. It was fully three hours before the
Judge and my tormentor returned.
When they came Nancy carried a large
blue bowl with at least half a gallon of
thin chicken water. It was meagre diet
but it was abundant, and there was in
the savory broth just one half of an old
rooster with one leg lifted far above the
broth, as if to ask to be lifted out of the
roasting liquid. This was placed on a
small table, and drawn close up to the
bed. A spoon and saucer were placed
near it by Nancy, who took occasion to
say you must be careful not to eat the
chicken. "You should not have brought
the fowl with the broth," said her father.
"It may tempt him, and temptation to
inexperienced young people is very



dangerous, and often leads to the sin of
disobedience. Lead us not into tem-
ptation, you know, my boy; always keep
the scriptures in view; without this there
are many sins too tempting to be resist-
ed, particularly by the young."

Nancy shut one eye, but with the other
open laughing one, as with her father
she left the room, winking wickedly at me.
I at once got out of bed and locked
the chamber door; when I ravenously
devoured the rooster—who had not in
boiling injured much of his juices to
the broth. I dipped a few spoonfuls
of the liquor into the saucer, to say for
me that I had eaten some of it. I trust
it was not a sin that I had made the
spoon and saucer lie for me.

It was noon before I was visited again;
then came the Judge and Nancy. As
the Judge saw the stripped carcass of
the venerable rooster affloat in the broth,
in holy horror he lifted his hands and
eyes, exclaiming: "You have killed
yourself, Gus, and I am responsible for
it. Why did you do this? Run, Nancy,
and bring me the bottle of antimonial
wine and a cup and spoon." As usual,
Nancy turned at the door to give me a
look of mischievous triumph. She soon
brought the wine and cup. I declined
taking it. The Judge angrily insisted.
"You must have your stomach relieved,
or you will bring on a relapse. I tell
you, my son, the disease you are suffer-
ing from is a very dangerous one; one
that fires the blood and excites the
pulse terribly, and unless checked it at
once may lead to your ruin. Take it,
take it, and almost perforce I swallow-
ed the wine."

I see that mischievous vixen dodging
behind her father and making every
silent demonstration of delight at my
suffering possible to her security from
discovery by her father. It was not ten
minutes after swallowing the wine be-
fore I became terribly sick and began to
vomit.

"Hold his head, Nancy," said the
Judge. She was holding the basin,
which she transferred to her father and
placed her hands under my forehead.
In doing this she let the fingers of her
right hand incautiously pass over my
mouth. One went into it and I seized
it with a vim. Nancy screamed, knock-
ed over the basin from the hands of her
father and sent it with all the water and
what I had thrown up, over the floor.
I was seized with an epileptic fit, shiver-
ing, groaning and bil. Nancy screamed
and danced, and the Judge, frightened,
exclaimed, "O, my God, the boy has a
fit," ran from the room and sent for a
doctor. "Even," I said, as I released
the finger. The Judge came in flushed
and frightened. "It's all over, is it
Nancy?" he anxiously asked. She was
wringing her hands, whilst her eyes
were filled with tears.

"All over," she exclaimed, half crying
with anger and pain. "There is nothing
the matter with him." "Nothing the
matter with him, indeed," said her
father. "Such a convulsion as that
nothing and that pulse yesterday, noth-
ing. Nonsense, girl. I am afraid he
will have congestion of the stomach."
"Congestion of the jaw you had better
say. Just look how he has bit my finger,
confound him; and look at the fix this
floor is in. I knew there was nothing
the matter with him from the first."
"Nonsense! I tell you, Nancy! That
pulse yesterday could not be deceit.
Why, it was thick as my little finger and
beat at least two hundred times a minute,
and was as strong as a horse could
kick."
I slyly winked at Nancy, who frowned
out of the room. After looking at my

longer and feeling my pulse, the Judge
concluded that I was better and left me.
Polly, the negro woman servant, came
in with a tub of water and a cloth to
cleanse the floor.

"Murse Gus," she remarked, "you
ain't mighty sick, is you? Master he
says you has had a fit," and she laughed
as she looked at me.
"What do you think, Polly?" I asked.
"Why, Mas Gus, I seed Miss Nancy
when she crept up and hit you with
dat switch yesterday, and I seed you
jump up and turn over de table with
all dem books what you were readin', and
you and Miss Nancy runnin' round de
house; and I seed you when you catch
her on your bed just as the old folks
comed home. You must hab been tiken
sick mighty quick. And yesterday when
Miss Nancy was makin' dat tea, she
laughed fit to kill herself. I spects she's
been foolin' you. She's mighty bad dat
way."

"Make haste," said the Judge, as he
came in, "the doctor will be here soon,
and I don't want this floor wet when he
comes."

"How do you feel now my boy? Nancy
is raving about your biting her. I tell
her you didn't know what you was about.
Ain't you subject to fits, Gus? Nancy
says it was all sham, but I tell her that
is all nonsense. You wouldn't a bit her
so on purpose, I know."

In a short time the doctor came, and
my case was explicitly laid before him,
especially the wonderful pulses and the
fit. The judge was called away, when I
asked the doctor if he would, upon his
honor, promise never to speak of it, I
would tell him a secret. He promised,
and I told him the whole story—for I
felt I could not stand any more physis.
He laughed until he cried, and many
times since have we laughed heartily
over it.

We met, after many years' separation,
in New York, in 1884, at the conference
which divided the Methodist church, and
spent a day together pleasantly, recall-
ing the memories of the past, and this
special one, when I threatened to give
the story to the public.
"If you please," he said, "do not do
it while I live." I promised, and we
parted for the last time. I have a dear
memory of the kind hearted and gener-
ous old man that will only perish with
my life, which is now wasting its last
sands in our dear old native land. With
his wife he has buried at Oxford, Miss-
issippi, near the home of his two chil-
dren, one the wife of the distinguished
L. Q. C. Lamar, and the other the wife
of Dr. Henry Brannan. Y. M. C.

MEN OF GREAT MEMORIES.

Freight Conductors Who Can Tell
The Number of Every Car in a
Train.

As an illustration of how the memory
may be cultivated in retaining a long
list of numbers, one has only to observe
the freight conductors, and very often
remarkable examples of retentive mem-
ories will be found.

I have been on the road as a freight
conductor for fourteen years and in that
time my memory has had a careful
training in the particular line of retain-
ing the numbers on the cars. I start
out on a run and know the numbers of
all the cars with which the train is made
up, and while some cars will be left at
stations along the road and other cars
will be taken up, yet, at the end of our
run if an officer asks me whether I have
a car number so-and-so, I can invariably
tell him without referring to my book.

Now, when it is remembered that the
train may be made up of forty cars, and
that the numbers run all the way from
the hundreds to the twenty-five and
thirty thousands, and that a dozen cars
may be taken off and another dozen
taken on along the road my statement
undoubtedly seems incredible to those
not familiarly acquainted with this par-
ticular department of railroading. But
it is a fact nevertheless, and I have
known quite a number of freight con-
ductors who have memories of equal
retentiveness.

Noting the numbers of the cars daily
for years a conductor becomes so familiar
with the work that his memory holds
these large numbers with but little diffi-
culty. The style and peculiar finish of
the cars from different roads are also
learned, and a conductor at a glance can
tell the road to which a car belongs as
far as he can see it.—St. Louis Globe-
Democrat.

Power of Half a Sovereign.

Mr. Channey Depew lately told the
full story of the Edinburgh castle-guard;
"It was when I was in Europe four years
ago," related Mr. Depew. "I had been
in Edinburgh several days, and had put
off my visit to the old castle until the
last afternoon. Just as I reached the
castle I saw the guards going away. I
found that the hours for visitors were
over, but I was going to get in, for it
was my last chance. One of the